-FOR-

\$5.90

Can buy for her husband one of those excellent suits upon which there has been such a run for the past two weeks

__AT THE__

ORIGINAL EAGLE

5& 7 West Washington St.

Clearing this afternoon.

count on all Light-

Weight Clothing at

THE WHEN

MURPHY, HIBBEN & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

(Wholesale Exclusively.)

NTENDING purchasers of Fall and Winter Merchandise can find with us not only a very complete stock of all leading lines, Staples and Novelties, but son have been compelled to stand all day at the door entreating and pleading with many SPECIALTIES. Men's-wear Woolens and Trimmings, Fine Blankets and Flannels, Special-made Yarns, Wool Skirtings, our own designs; Floor Oil-Cloths and Linoleums, Hemp Carpets, Window Shades and Fixtures, Curtain Poles and Trimmings, etc., etc.

In all of these, as with entire stock of all departments, we successfully compete with any market. None of these SPECIALTIES are "side issues." We do business in them with the largest users in this city and throughout the State.

SPECIAL.

We shall place on sale Aug. 26 some 75 to 100 packages of goods damaged by water in our storage basements on Wednesday last. Goods offered are most desirable, comprising Lancaster and Amoskeag Ginghams, Indigo, Robe, Staple and Fancy Prints, Shirtings, Corset Jeans, Kid Cambrics, Carpet Warps, Blankets, etc., etc.

MEN'S CHAMPION BOOTS AT \$24. Bottomed entirely by hand. 4-6 at \$22; 1-5 at \$20; 1-3 at \$19; less the usual discount.

McKEE & CO., Wholesale Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, 93 and 95 South Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

RAIN-MAKING A FAILURE.

Results of the Dyrenforth Experiments in Tex-

as Not So Successful as First Reported.

MIDLAND, Tex., Aug. 22.-The Dyrenforth

rain-experiment expedition has been on the

Morris ranch for over two weeks preparing

for the rain-producing experiment. They

have conducted a few minor experiments,

but nothing of any practical value. There

has been so far nothing to convince any

one that they might be expected to accom-

plish anything leading to a practical dem-

onstration that the theory is correct. In

fact, the question of the worth or worth-

lessness of the theory can hardly

be expected to be settled by this expedi-

tion. Unreliable reports, highly flattering

to the expedition, but at great variance

with the facts of the case, are being given to the press by a member of the expedition who has that branch of the work under his

control. The facts are so well and widely

known in this community that the great

unreliability of these flattering reports has

caused the best members of this community

to feel incensed, and they have prepared the following address to General Dyren-

forth, which bears the signatures of about

fifty of the most prominent and respected

To Gen. R. G. Dyrenforth, Commanding the Govern-

Honored Sir-We, the undersigned, would ask

your favorable consideration of the following:

Since the arrival of your party here, the press of the country has been filled with specials sent

out by a member of your expedition, which place the country before the world as having been suffering terribly from drought, and the same

being false is calculated to do great injury to our State and other interests. We ask that you use

all the means in your power to stop the sending of such stuff. Hoping you may yet be able to give your experiments a thorough test, and then

give the world the facts, we remain respectfully

This country is not, nor has it been at

any time this season, suffering greatly from

drought, and the rain-fall of last Tuesday

was a very hard and general one, but did

not fall on much of the Morris ranch, and

was heavier away from the location of the

experimenters. Appearances go to show

that when the generally favorable condi-

tions of the atmosphere show an approach

of rain-fall, then the experimenters manip-

niate their instruments and such papers of

the country as give their reports credence.

CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN BANDIT.

Railway Official Receives \$60 Stolen by a

Train-Robber Fifteen Years Ago.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 23.-Traveling Pas-

senger Agent Baxter, of the Chicago, Bur-

lington & Quincy railway, yesterday, re-

ceived in his mail \$60 stolen from him at

the time a Burlington train was held up

and robbed by frontier bandits, fifteen

years ago. Yesterday a poorly-dressed

man walked into the Burlington office at St.

Joseph, and made inquiry for Mr. Baxter. Being told that Baxter's headquarters were

in Kansas City, the man explained that he

was one of the bandits who had robbed the

train fifteen years ago, and handed the

check for \$60 in an envelope, asking him to

forward it to Baxter. He then disappeared,

Killed His Sister at a Christening.

began to affect the crowd. An hour later a

number of the party were greatly intoxi-

and one of the guests named Fralich.

is a mystery.

citizens of this place:

Chicago & St. Louis. BIG 4.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

Aug. 25, Sept. 15 and 29,

West, Northwest, Southwest and South

Harvest Excursion Tickets will be sold by "Big Four" Route to all points authorized by the Central Traffic Association, Aug. 25, Sept. 15 and 29. For particulars call on "Big Four"

For tickets and full information call at Big Four ffices, No. 1 East Washington street, No. 138 South Illinois street and Union Station. H. M. BRONSON, A. G. P. A.

Take a Plunge in Salt Water. On Wednesday, Aug. 26, the C., H. & D. B. R. will sell round-trip tickets to ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., At rate of \$18.80. Tickets are good to return till

\$2.50 to Cincinnati and Return

C., H. & D. R. R.,

"Last Days of Pompeii."

The annual spectacle given by the Order of Cincinnatus will this year be the "Last Days of Pompeit," one of Paine's masterpieces, which will be produced with the perfection of his Manhattan Beach display. on Aug. 27 the C. H. & D. Railroad Company will run an excursion from Indianapolis to Cincinneti and return at a rate of 1 cent per mile. The bekets will be good returning Aug. 28.

Excursion to NIAGARA FALLS, C., H. & D. and ERIE R. R.'S, THURSDAY, Aug. 27. 25 Round Trip. \$6 to Toronto and return. \$10 to Thousand Islands and return.

For further information call at C., H. & D. Ticketoffice, corner Kentucky ave. and Illinois street, and Union Station. H. J. RHEIN, General Agent.

BRUSH BRILLIANCY

Arc and Incandescence

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

For particulars address

BRUSH ELECTRIC CO. CLEVELAND. OHIO.

NEW PLANING MILL. 166 to 174 South New Jersey street. E. H. ELDRIDGE & CO.

All kinds of house-finish Lumber. Shingles, ets

We will to-day pay 98c. ACME MILLING CO., 202 West Washington St.

Desperado Hawkins's Body Yesterday.

byville Marshal, Would Not Permit the Ghastly Object to Dangle Over Sunday. 25 per cent. dis-

> Morbidly Curious Citizens Clamoring for a Chance to View the Remains.

> MOB PATROLLED THE STREET

Scenes Following the Cutting Down of

Coroner Bruce, Brother of the Wounded Shel-

Don Bruce's Life Still Hanging by a Thread Though There Is Chance for Recovery-Inquest on Bawkins's Body.

LYNCHERS WELL PLEASED.

They Practically Control the Streets and Do Not Fear the Law.

Staff Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Aug. 23.-The cold and rain-soaked body of Charles Hawkins, hung by a mob here last night for the shooting of Marshal Don Bruce, was cut down about 2 o'clock this morning by Coroner Clarence Bruce, who is a brother of the wounded man. The excitement that followed the sensational events of last night is felt by every person in the place able to walk and the streets are crowded with carious people going to view the scenes of the two tragedies. The body of the desperado is at Wilson's undertaking establishment, and both the proprietor and his son have been compelled to stand all day the morbidly curious people who clamor for a sight of the remains. Coroner Bruce knew nothing of the shooting of his brother until he returned home after midnight from holding an inquest in a distant part of the

It had been the intention of the mob to leave the body swinging until to-day noon, that all might come and view it, but there was no objection made to the coroner's determination to remove it. As his buggy came rattling through the dark street be had been stopped and quickly informed of the situation. It was a severe clow to him. as the two Bruce boys are nearly the same age and always were great chums. He drove at once to the south side of the jail, followed by a few friends, who assisted him. The body was then taken to the undertaker's. It was dressed in a pair of paint-daubed trousers and a blue cotton shirt, with holes and blood stains under the left arm. It had five bullet wounds, several being through the heart, all entering within a space no larger than one's hand. Hawkins was nearly six feet high, but greatly emaciated on account of ill health. Coroner Bruce decided to hold the inquest this afternoon, and a post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Kennedy, who had been the first to attend Marshal Bruce. Squire T. J. Craycraft was appointed by the coroner to conduct the inquest, not wishing to officiate himself. After the cutting down of the body a crowd gathered. and cut the rope to pieces, each one carrying off a bit as a souvenir of the only lynching which ever took place in this part of the State. The terrible affair was the sole topic of conversation in every home in Shelby ville to-day, while it was even mentioned and deplored in several of the church pulpits. All day long, however, suspiclously familiar groups of two and three men could be seen talking low and smiling with every apparent indication that they had taken part in the bloody work of last night, and, what was more, they were not sorry for it. It was not advisable for a stranger intimate too boldly that the law had been overstepped by the lynchers. A determined and frowning man would almost immediately take him up and warn him to keep his tongue between his teeth. Every one felt that the band of men was secretly keeping a watch on all suspicious persons. General congratulation was felt that only one prisoner had found death at the hands

THE WOUNDED MARSHAL. On a low spread pallet in the front room of his cottage in Colescott street, at daybreak this morning, lay the city marshal. apparently dying. The wounded officer might have been dead for all the signs of life visible in the darkly-curtained chamber. The yellow blaze of a night-lamp on a stand at the foot of the couch cast little more than enough light to exhibit the outlines of the man's pallid features. His brow was damp, his cheeks sunken, and his lips pale blue, with no sign of blood at their edges. Since 11 o'clock last night he had lain in that semi-torpid state, emitting only a gurgling cough now and then, as the flow of blood from the three wounds in his right chest compelled him attempt to throw it Every hour since midnight a committee, selected from the guard of twenty desperate men who stood in squads of five at the four corners of the court-house square, left their posts and walked six blocks through the constant and heavy rain to the Bruce cottage. They were wet to the skin from the allnight watching around the jail, but still they took the drenching, true to the oath taken in the early evening to await the change for better or worse in the condition of their neighbor. It was for the purpose of informing their comrades whether or not Don Bruce still lived that the delegation paid its hourly visit to the marshal's residence. Their footsteps crunched over the water-soaked gravel-walk leading to the house with the dismal cadence of pallbearers marching to the grave. Up to the porch and around the little house, under the dripping eaves, they went, until their heavy feet pounded the back steps. A knock brought a friend from within to the door, and in answer to their anxious question came the low reply: "He's just the same, boys. Still asleep."

"Does he know it, yet?" "No, the doctor said we shouldn't wake

and has not been seen since. His identity "All right, we'll be back in an hour." Then the men would turn away and CHICAGO, Aug. 23.—A drupken brawl at a hasten back to the jail, reporting to their christening party, last night, resulted in the murder of Mrs. Amelia Darwald by her friends. The dead body of Charles Hawkins all this time swung from a limb of a brother, Albert Kinks, a laborer. The evening was spent in card-playing, singing and beer-drinking, and at midpight the beer maple tree about twenty steps from the jail door, turning like a sack of grain in the fitful gusts. After the banging, the mob cated, and a dispute arose between Kinki had ostensibly dispersed, while the citizens came in flocks, striking matches beneath Words led to blows and Kinki drew a revolver, which he flourished in the air. Mrs. Darwald attempted to wrest the revolver from her brother. He pulled the trigger the corpse to view the exposed and gaping face and point out the patch of holes in the blue hickory shirt over the heart, where twice and sent two bullets into his sister's one of the lynchers, selected by lot, had breast, killing her almost instantly. An officer was called and arrested the murder-er, who was stupidly drunk. emptied the coutents of a five-shooter into the struggling form. Its feet hung within reached his man. Ex-Sheriff Magill, who

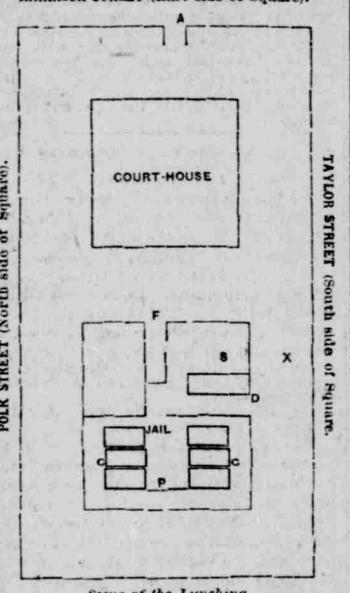
a yard of the ground, and a tall man might reach up and touch the wounds. This morbid curiosity died away as the rain in-creased, and finally the court-yard was de-serted. Then the dark forms of the guard might be seen approaching and deploying to the four corners.

TALK OF ANOTHER LYNCHING.

They were satisfied so far with their work, but upon retiring had decided that, should Don Bruce die, another victim should be placed alongside of the dead bully. His gray-baired father and sixteen-year-old boy were yet in jail, cowering in an upper cell. The report was current that old man Hawkins had rushed up and struck at the marshal as he fell fainting in the street, and the thought of this made them feel that he should suffer. Many expected to engage in another killing before morning, not withstanding the fact that Bruce still lived, for they believed that soon as the news reached the notorious brother, "Babe" Hawkins, at Smithland, five miles in the country, he would jump on his horse and gallop into Shelbyville with two revolvers in his belt, and his pockets filled with cartridges. The purpose of the mob on this point, however, was kept a secret until after nearly all the people had returned to their homes. The more auxious ones, who decided to remain on the streets, flingled marshal as he fell fainting in the street, and decided to remain on the streets, mingled with the lynchers, talking freely and learning their plans.

Thus it is explained why communication was kept up with the marshal's house. It was about 5 colock A. M. when a Journal correspondent, who had arrived here on the 4 o'clock train, was permitted to call

HARRISON STREET (East side of Square).



Scene of the Lynching.

A-Where mob marched in F-Front entrance to jail.

D-Door where sheriff was overpowered, an out which Hawkins was dragged head first. s-Sheriff's bed-room, where he was locked up P-Open cell where Hawkins was found. X-The fatal tree.

on the wounded man, along with the com-mittee. The party was admitted for the first time, and the news was whispered, as the visitors entered, that Don was awake and able to talk. He had not yet learned of the fate of Hawkins, but recognized his friends with a feeble attempt at a smile. One stooped over him and said:
"Don, we fixed him. He was strung up

The apparently dying officer opened his eyes with a start, and seeing that his informer was in earnest, reached out with his well arm and the two clasped hands. Bruce

Wish I could have helped." He was not permitted to do much talking. and Dr. Kennedy, who had removed one of the balls, said the man appeared to be re-covering from the shock of his wounds, and if further hemorrhages did not set in he might recover. His chance, however, was considered extremely slim, and as it would require from twenty-four to thirty-six hours for the effect of the shock to entirely pass away before his true condition would be apparent, the physician could give little hope to the family. The scene in the house was sad, but the men who came to report the lynching smiled as if some good fortune had happened. After leaving the bedside of Bruce word of his condition was taken to the men on duty, and daylight being now fully arrived, the remaining lynchers separated quietly, distributing themselves here and there along the business streets, where unusual numbers of early risers were already beginning to gather.

EAGER FOR THE PAPERS. Every saloon in Shelbyville had been wide open all night and the trade was more constant, perhaps, than in day-time. A group of citizens could be found at every corner discussing the stirring events of the previous twelve hours. When the Indianapolis train reached Shelbyville, at 4 A. M. the depot was crewded with people, who made a rush for the newsboys. As fast as one could get a paper he would retire to the smoky gas-lights, surrounded by an eager crowd, to hear him read the thrilling story told in the head-lines and doubleleaded matter. At every allusion to the different movements of the lawiess mob there would follow a chorus of such expressions as "That's dead right! Eh. Mack?" or "Ed," or "Pete," or whoever the case might be.

It was, of course, impossible to say who had taken part in the lynching and who had simply stood on the outside and looked. The men were all in jolly spirits, inclined to joke about the matter. The fact that they had participated in the taking of a human life out of law, and that according to all law they were guilty, made no impression on them.

After mixing with the members of the mob that traveled back and forth from the saloon on Harrison street, where the shooting occurred, to the jail-yard, the reporter gathered the full story. He was shown all courtesy, and the men seemed only too anxious to talk of the affair. They were careful not to call out one another's names. but it was plain that such freedom of speech could not long keep the identity of the ringleaders concealed. They took pride in what they had done, declaring that Shelby ville would now become a bet-

"We've been called 'the Yazoo' of Indiana long enough," said one, "and this will correct some of the evils here. There are twenty-five murderers in this city to-day, walking the streets free as any of us. This might not have happened had it been any one beside Hawkins that shot the marshal, but he and his brother 'Babe' have been playing the cowboy act so long in this part of the country that if we hadn't-er-excuse me [laughing]-if them fellows hadn't strung him up, some one else would." WHERE THE SHOOTING OCCURRED.

At Reddin Doran's saloon the quarrel began. Here old man Hawkins, Charles and the one-armed boy Albert had met. Charles wanted to fight a by-stander and displayed an ugly-looking revolver, changing it from one hip pocket to the other. The marshal was passing and warned him to behave. They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Hawkins, becoming more boisterous, roared out one oath after another. Bruce then started to arrest him. Those who attempt to justify the lynching claim that at this point the desperado began firing at the marshal, but old man Hawkins and the boy in jail both declare that the marshal drew his revolver and presented it at Hawkins when he started to make the arrest. Finding that the weapon would not work, he bent forward, holding it between his knees, trying to turn the cylinder. He was in that position when Hawkins fired. The three wounds are at the top of the right chest, and the balls all ranged downward and back. The desperado retreated half a block to Broadway, waving his empty weapon, two of his shots having missed; but without pausing to consider how badly

is a policeman, caught the marshal, and Officer Johnson and Deputy Marshal Goodrich closed in on Hawkins, who by this time was surrounded by the crowd. This was shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Old man Hawkins and the boy retreated with the desperado, but at some distance, and it appears the boy did not rush to his father with a fresh weapon, as was first given out. Proof of this is in the fact that Peputy Goodrich secured only the one empty revolver from Hawkins. Old man Hawkins also declared in the jail that he was not anywhere near the marshal and hence could not have assaulted him.

hence could not have assaulted him.

"I was too much afraid of bein' blowed through," he said this afternoon at the jail.

Both his wife and the lynched man's wife were on the street near the shooting.

It is claimed here that Hawkins

came to town yesterday with the avowed purpose of killing the marshal. The explanation is given that two weeks ago "Bert" Hawkins, the boy, a weaking, as well as one-armed, was arrested by the marshal for maliciously shooting through marshal for maliciously shooting through the show window of jeweler Artie Levinson. One of his companions was fined the next day, but "Bert" was discharged. He told his father of being thrown in jail, and the latter then made his threats. The boy claimed, however, in telling his story today, that deputy Goodrich, and not Bruce, arrested him, and that his father and the marshal had met repeatedly since then, and always were on good terms. However, nothing save the most sensational stories nothing save the most sensational stories circulated after the shooting, and before supper every body in the city knew what had happened. After dark the crowds down town filled the sidewalks.

PREPARING THE MOB. Excited men rushed rapidly from door to door, declaring that the ruffian should be strung up, and the idea of a lynching was soon spoken of on every corner. No leader was necessary, and a half dozen men at a time would propose to attack the jail. About 9 o'clock the word was mysteriously passed along to a select few that a meeting was in progress near the Blue-river bridge, in the extreme north end of town. Who were at the meeting was not a matter of serious thought, but the purpose was soon evident. At 11 o'clock the many who had got an inkling of what to expect were told to "go to the court-house if you want to see some fun." The court-house and jail stand in the same square, and are surrounded by a grove of maple trees. On Taylor street, south of the jail and opposite the entrance where prisoners are taken in, a crowd of almost breathless citizens packed the way from curb to curb. Presently a posse of men, wearing neither masks nor disguises of any sort, according to their own admission to-day. was seen to enter the court-yard and march to the side door of the jail. An eye-witness says there were barely fifty in the crowd. One man acted as leader, and gave the orders in his natural voice, loud enough to be heard across the street. No masked guards were placed at corners to watch for intruders. No intrusion was feared. The city officers had all retired. The Mayor had taken no precaution to guard the three prisoners in the juil. Sheriff McDougall had retired, innocent of approaching danger. Jailer Burke slept upstairs, but he thought better than to in-terfere when the mob arrived. A knock brought the sheriff, who opened the door, and seeing the mob rush in he regarded it as useless to resist. The key was obtained and entrance to the central cell on the first floor quickly gained. It was a long cell, with a mattress on the floor, on which Hawkins dropped and said: "Give me time to pray."

"Too late now," said the man who had coil of electric-light rope taken from neighboring lamp. The prisoner then sprang up and fought but, as one said, "he was hit over the head with a board and not another whimper did he make." The noose was slipped on, the knot drawn under the left ear and the men ali caught the rope, dragging him out and down the stone steps head first. A bruise on his shouldef judicates with what force he struck. After he was hung up to the 11mb and the rope tied to the iron fence, a man in shirt sleeves stepped forward and shot him five times as rapidly as he could pull the trigger. That was all. The sheriff came out after the mob left and examined the man, but, finding him stone dead, left him

hanging. In an interview to-day Sheriff McDougall said the men who seized him wore masks, and hence he could not name them. HAWKINS WAS A TERROR.

The general opinion gathered from th street is that Hawkins deserved his fate. The suggestion of punishment for the mob leaders is laughed at. The Hawkins family record is pointed to in justification The dead man stabbed Officer Kelly in Kokomo over twelve years ago, for which he served eighteen months in prison. His victim died the next day. Later "Babe" Hawkins got into a difficulty at Tipton and fled to Shelby county. Sheriff McCorkle, who was afterwards shot and killed near the spot where Marshal Bruce fell yesterday, gathered a posse and went to Smithland after him. There occurred what is known in Shelby county as the famous Smithland battle. Old folk refer to it as they might to the battle of Tippecanoe. On that occasion "Babe" held the officers at bay single handed and escaped. Assisting bave been killed while at lunch.
the sheriff were Richard Thrall, William At 2 o'clock in the morning a McGill, the deputy, and others. As they approached the house they were fired on by the inmates, volley after volley being poured through the door. Thrall was wounded in the arm and is still crippled from it. Charles Hawkins slipped out the back way and saddled a horse for his brother, who jumped from a window, ran and climbed on the animal and was off. holding two revolvers on the sheriff's men Old man Hawkins was caught by "Doll" Ferguson fleeing through the woods the next day, but the two boys made good their escape. Charles Hawkins wore a long mustache and goatee a la Buffalo Bill. He also delighted in a cowboy's hat, and his name was such a terror that it might have been used to frighten little children at night in the community. Of late years little had been heard of him. He and his boy painted for a living. Beyond coming to town one Saturday with a companion and driving in a gallop through the streets, firing off his revolver as he went, the man who was lynched is said to have been behaving himself fairly well.

The mother remained in jail to-day, with her sixty-eight-year-old husband, and wept as she told of the good traits of her boy. The father has a grizzled growth of chin goat's beard, coarse as sea-weed. His head is enormous and angular, as if hewn out of granite. At the first glance he seems simply an ordinary Indiana farmer, but the people here say it is his teachings that have made the boys what they are. The Bruce beys are natives of Kentucky, the marshal being almost a grant in both stature and strength.

THE POST MORTEM.

The Acting Coroner Holds an Inquest, but Makes No Return-Bruce May Recover. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

SHELBYVILLE, Aug. 23 .- At 1 o'clock this afterternoon acting Coroner Craycraft ordered apost mortem on the body of Hawkins. the work being in charge of Dr. T. C. Kennedy, assisted by other physicians of the city. The inquest lasted for one hour. It was discovered that four balls had entered the chest on the left side of the body, just above the heart, passing through the left lung and lodging in the back part of the chest cavity. The fifth ball entered the left arm and glanced upward to the shoulder blade. None of the balls entered the heart. A wound upon the back of the head indicated that Hawkins had been struck by some hard instrument or had been injured while being dragged from the jail. The skull was not fractured. The circle around the neck made by the rope was a horrible sight. The neck was not broken and it is the opinion of the doctor

that he died from strangulation. This morning Babe Hawkins, a brother of Charles, came to the city, and the officers feared trouble, but the day passed without any denienstrations on his part. At noon the father and son of the dead desperado

Continued on Second Page,

TOILED ALL NIGHT AND DAY

Firemen and Laborers Worked Unceasingly on New York's Fallen Building.

Their Labors Rewarded by the Finding of Seventeen Dead Bodies, Eleven Mangled and Burned Beyond Recognition.

Not Less than Fifty Persons Believed to Have Perished in the Fatal Collapse.

Sad Vigil of a Sweetheart Whose Lover Lay Beneath the Debris-Work Temporarily Stopped by Rain-Identified Dead.

NEW YORK'S DISASTER.

Seventeen Bodies Recovered from the Ruins of the Collapsed Building.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.-When it was 2 this morning the newspapers went to press with the details of the terrible explosion calamity in Park place yesterday, and the story of the searching for dead was cut off at that hour. But there came no abatement then in the systematic and ceaseless work of the firemen. The tugging, and delving, and hoisting went forward tirelessly hour after hour among the blackened timbers and the tumbled stones and brick. Occasionally there came a break in the work, when silence fell and men were hushed and one more of the lost was carried out. An electric are lamp had been tackled to a post across the street from the ruins, and with its white, glaring eye stared all night over the working men and into the black, yawning chasm where yesterday a building was and where people worked and laughed

with no thought of the horror to come. Two small tank lamps or torches had been brought and placed close up by the edge of the ruin, and all night their plumes of ruddy flame flared forth and lighted up the black chasm with an inferno tint. And all the while there was a constant dashing of water from two hose lines upon the wreckage. Seventy-five Italians had been placed among the ruins to assist the firemen. Two lines of men were formed from the fatal pit to the street, and the debris was passed out and along the heap which had been the front wall of the wrecked building before it bellied forth and fell into the street. And all night the refuse was carried along and added to until, when the dawn came, the pile had reached up

awning high. While the newspaper presses two or three blocks away were clanging at 2 o'clock, sending, out the printed stories of the disaster, black masses of silent people were yet at the scene of the disaster. dammed up at each end of the block against the rows of policemen who constituted the fire lines. There was little noise; two engines, each a block away, had settled to their work, and their black throats coughed less violently, but ceaselessly. And, by and by, the newsboys from Printing-house square came pattering their bare feet along the streets, and called, with subdued voices: "Extra; all about the

great explosion." A GIRL'S SAD VIGIL.

In a door within the police lines and close by the ruin sat a woman-a young woman-whose cheeks were scalded with tears. With folded arms, one hand tightly clutching a wet handkerchief, she sat upon a chair some one had provided, her head bent forward and her eyes constantly following the work going on above the body of a man she had loved. The light of the flaring torches glistened upon her bloodshot, pitiful eyes. Beside her, upon an iron step, sat a man who accompanied the woman. And so all night they had been watching, waiting, hoping, yet dreading to see the discovery of him whom they knew. The woman spoke seldom-only waited dumbly to see the body of her lover, for she was the affianced bride of the young man Peterson, whose father owned the restaurant where many are believed to

firemen ceased their work; a body had been found near the spot where the lad was found dead about 10 o'clock. The body was that of a young man about thirty years old. It was terribly burned. No one there knew him. The remains were placed in the dead wagon, which stood constantly near. Then again went on the work, the tiremen, with ropes and pullies, dislodging and hauling away timbers from the pile of death, while the Italians in double lines. as carriers, worked stolidly in the inferno glow of the torches. There came finally a touch of gray light filtering through the morning mists. Some had gone home to sleep. The crowds behind the policemen were much reduced, but the work went on, and on, and on. The silent fiance of a dead man in the ruin was waiting as the dawn broke, and her strained and pitiful face was ghastly as the daylight grew. The strengthening light from the east lessened by degrees the cold, unsympathetic stare of the white electric eye that stared in the pit, and soon it was cut off. At 5 o'clock an I ten minutes another body, that of a man about five feet seven inches tall, was taken out. In the pockets of his trousers was found 2 cents. At 6:25 o'clock the body of a young man. apparently about nineteen years old, was found. It was clad in dark trousers and

THE GIRL'S LOVER FOUND. At half-past 9 o'clock a halt came in in the work. Two or three firemen were bending and busy-handed. The Italians paused to look. Then other firemen gathered. Each one who watched knew another crushed or burned body had been found, and the woman standing there where she had been all pight started forward as though she would run to satisfy herself. But her companion stayed her and went to look at the dead. Soon returned to the waiting girl and led her by the arm tenderly away. Instinctively she knew the vigil was ended. Her quest was over; her lover had been found. But he had no word for her, and she was not permitted then to see the dreadful work of the wreckage upon him. The man they were lifting out from among the brick and the timbers was the girl's lover. Andrew B. Peterson, twenty-two years old of No. 853 Eighth avenue, the son of the man who kept the restaurant in the ground floor. This made fourteen bodies that had

been recovered. And thus, as the night wore on, the work progressed. The crowds grew greater. The police lines were strengthened, bucksters whipped the edges of the throngs for trade. and peanut and lemonade venders came and set up their stalls where they might reap profit from the circumstance of a disr and the cons o'clock two more bodies were discovered in